

QUILL



See
"The Presidents and the Press"
Page 12

THE QUILL

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Cover—President Roosevelt Meets the Press at Warm Springs—Wide World Photo

At Deadline—R. L. P.	2
Can America Become a Democracy?—Mark Ethridge	3
Blushing Bride Scores Scoop!—Bill Cunningham	5
My Stories Are Full of Dirt—Ray Anderson	6
Solace Is Where You Find It—Read Wynn	9
Here's to the School of Experience—George M. Bryant	10
Tips on Writing for Trade Journals—Fred Kunkel	11
The Presidents and the Press—James E. Pollard	12
Lines to the Lancers—J. Gunnar Back	15
The Book Beat	19
Kiper's Kolumn—James C. Kiper	20
Who—What—Where	21

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

WHEN Art Ogle died quietly in his easy chair one Sunday night recently, Detroit and the rest of the newspaper world lost one of its most colorful figures.

His friends were legion. He could make people talk when they didn't have any intention of doing so. Tips flowed to him on all sorts of stories. And when it came to telling a story he was without equal.

Those of us who worked with him will remember him for all these things—and a lot of others. His companionship, his rare sense of humor, his generosity, to mention a few. But this department will remember him also for one of the most trying mornings ever spent in this business of fact chasing.

We're sure Artie wouldn't mind our telling it—for he got a big laugh out of it himself. Moreover, he'd be one of the first to point out that it just goes to show that no reporter, no matter how seasoned, can risk taking things as they seem.

IT wasn't so long after our trail had led to Detroit and the News that Detroit experienced one of the worst industrial fires in its history—that of the Briggs Manufacturing Co. Included in the corps of leg men dispatched to the scene was this rather green reporter.

There wasn't any doubt about it being a big fire from the moment the alarm began tapping out in the city room. A mountainous column of smoke rose from the plant and could be seen for miles—long before our car arrived in the general vicinity. The car had to be parked about a mile and a half from the burning plant.

Quickly we tried to gather some facts that could be telephoned for the almost certain extra. We found the spot at which the badly burned men had been placed in ambulances and taken to hospitals.

"Any dead?" we demanded of a police officer. He didn't know for sure. A lot of badly burned men—dead or alive—had been sent to the hospitals as fast as possible.

"How many?" we asked. The police officer, a veteran of such emergencies, deliberated. "About 18 or 20—not any more than that, I'm quite sure," he replied.

[Concluded on page 23]

Can America Become a Democracy?

The Current Scene as One Newspaperman Sees It

By MARK ETHRIDGE

WHEN, after the great travail of the Revolution, America had won the right to make her own destiny and was confronted with the necessity of determining what sort of destiny it was to be, it was the good sense of Washington, above all others, that embarked us upon the then radical experiment of republicanism and set us in the mold of democracy.

It was his wish moreover, that America might become, instead of a loose federation of states, a strong central government to deal with her domestic problems and to cope with her external enemies.

There was in him at least enough discontent with the "American way of life" as it was lived in his times for him to desire to push the frontiers of knowledge, life and opportunities, further into the unexplored, in the hope that he might find something better than he had.

There was the courage, moreover, not to be afraid of what lurked along the paths into the unknown. There was the willingness to fight when enemies provoked it or when the cause of justice—as, for instance, the right of a people to have full voice in their government—demanded it. There was the great love of land which led our people away from the crowded countries of Europe and finally over the mountains away from our seaboard.

There was the love of freedom which renounced kings and autocracies of all kinds and set human beings up as their

own rulers. There was essential faith in the processes of representative government—and that was radical in the days when only one republic existed in the world.

IF we are to understand the birth and the genius of this civilization which we call America it is more important for us to remember what Washington did than what he said; it is important for us to remember the injunction of another president, Woodrow Wilson, who, writing of the development of America, said a hundred years after Washington died:

"Now at length we have lost our frontier. Slowly we shall grow old, compact our people, study the delicate adjustments of an intricate society, and ponder the niceties, as we have hitherto pondered the bulks and structural framework of government.

"With the change, the pause, the settlement, our people draw into closer groups, stand face to face, to know each other and be known; and the time has come for the East to learn in her turn: to broaden her understanding of political and economic conditions to the scale of a hemisphere.

"Let us be sure that we get the national temperament; send our mind abroad upon the continent, become neighbors to all the people that live upon it and lovers of them all, as Lincoln said. Read but your

history aright and you shall not find the task too hard."

I believe the injunction to read history aright is as sound as the prophecy of what would happen in America. We *have* reached our western bounds; we *have* exhausted our frontiers except as we find new ones within ourselves and within those territorial limits which now encompass us. We have compacted our population and we are studying the delicate adjustments of an intricate society, as is evidenced by an abundance of social measures. Because those things are true, it is all the more essential that we broaden our understanding of political and economic conditions to the scale of a hemisphere and that we get the national temperament.

AS a nation, we have, as an eminent psychiatrist said, the qualities of a depressive maniac. In moments of stimulation we are, as a people, creative geniuses, riding high on a rolling tide; in depressed moods, we would probably be capable of self-destruction. Certainly any of us can remember the deep despair of late 1932 and early 1933.

We swing violently from one extreme to another. We lift men up in one mood and dash them down in another. We embrace ideas with fanatical zeal in one moment and reject them with fury or cold disdain in another. We are, as a people, too frequently incapable of calm detachment and the power of getting a perspective

HERE is a searching survey of the American scene—a plea for national sanity voiced at a time when America is being swept by a wave of hysteria, a psychology of fear and a pronounced case of jitters. It is the present portrait of America as drawn by a newspaperman who has served in small towns, Washington, New York and other cities—Mark F. Ethridge, vice-president and general manager of the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal and Times, and president of the National Association of Broadcasters.

Mr. Ethridge's comment was presented originally at the Eleventh Annual Georgia Press Institute at the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia. His newspaper experience began as a student at the University of Mississippi where he acted as correspondent for several papers. After leaving the university, he joined the staff of the Meridian (Miss.) Star, later moving to the Columbus Enquirer-Sun and the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph. He left the latter paper to join the Navy during the World War, emerging as an ensign.

Returning to newspaper work, Mr. Ethridge served three years as city editor of the Macon Telegraph, a year in Washington as assistant news manager of Consolidated Press and two years in New York with the Sun. He then became managing and associate editor of the Macon Telegraph. After nine years with the Telegraph and a year with the Washington Post, he became general manager of the Times-Dispatch in Richmond, Va. He took up his duties in Louisville in the spring of 1936.

which would keep us fairly well within bounds.

In stressful times such as these, the members of the Supreme Court are either saviors of the country for whom we must thank God, or they are nine old men to be pitied or be reviled because life has outrun them. The Constitution is either a divinely inspired document, despite our frequent tinkering with it, or it is a strait jacket that ought to be thrown off. The President is either wild, reckless, irresponsible, even the villain of the piece, or he is a Lochinvar out of the West. The New Deal is either crazy and fantastic, or it is the instrument for achieving Utopia. We must, to hear politicians tell it, choose between the sheltering and blissful confines of what Mr. Harding called "normalcy" or the swastika of Hitler or the flag of Moscow. We have worked ourselves into an hysteria that can see only violent alternatives.

I do not know any time in American history when passions have been so much aroused and the country so far thrown off its balance, except that period immediately before the Civil War. We exaggerate the importance of every proposal pro or con.

The collapse of the NRA was going to bring us great blessings; if it has nobody has observed them. The enactment of the bank deposit guarantee law was going to play hob with the big banks because it would constitute a tremendous drain upon them. The contrary has been true. The securities exchange law was going to choke the life out of the stock market; until October it was more active than it has been since its great activity of 1929 signalled the beginning of the depression.

We have got the national jitters and they are being intensified by reckless prophecies from all sides.

IT does not make so much difference what the name of the next president of the United States will be as it does that we regain our national sanity. It does not make so much difference whether the Republicans or the Democrats have control of this country as long as the powers which have control recognize the one immutable law of nature and of history: that there must be change and if there is not change to meet new conditions, there must be stagnation and death.

I can recognize the legitimacy of the apprehension of those who profess to feel that we are taking leave of our sanity; that we are assuming burdens too stupendous for us to carry. That apprehension always exists in the human mind, whether it manifests it-



Acme Photo

Mark Ethridge

self in the child's fear of going into a dark room or the adult's fear of giving up a job he has in the prospect of getting a better one.

The fear of the unknown is one of the greatest instincts of the human race. But for us as a people to have succumbed to it would have meant the frustration of every great achievement and adventure which is credited to American genius and courage. For us now to adopt a policy of "hold fast to what you have" without venturing out for any better things, would be to stagnate and die as a civilization.

People try to give us definitions of "the American system," but the definitions usually take on the color of their own bias. Personally I believe that whatever genius we have manifested has been due, above everything else, to one characteristic which Woodrow Wilson defined as: "that alertness of the eye; that openness to every thought of enterprise and adventure." And if I may add, that fundamental soundness in spite of our wild swingings.

THERE can be no greater consolation in such a time as this as in reading history. It has given me the consolation of feeling that while we shall not by any means achieve a millennium by a program of social security legislation, or a domestic program based upon consideration of human welfare rather than property right, neither shall we bring disaster upon ourselves. It has brought back to me the recollections that when the income tax law was under discussion 25 years ago, Joseph Choate, one of the great minds of the country, predicted it would mean the expropriation and breaking up of all the big estates. How absurd that sounds in the light of experience!

It brings back to me the recollection that when Carter Glass, regarded as radical in those days was piloting the Federal Reserve bill through the House, Wall Street with one voice was

shouting imprecations and prophesying the doom of private banking in this country. How puerile that sounds in the light of the days that have followed!

History, in times like these, is a great rock in a weary land. I find in it the comfort that there is ample precedent for what we are doing along social and economic lines.

Nor do I have any qualms over our democracy provided we have the intelligence to use it better than we have used it. I have no fears because I believe the forces that are moving toward a more democratic government and a more democratic social order in this country are bigger than men, bigger than parties, bigger even than governments that might try to stand in their way.

Franklin Roosevelt was not the author of the New Deal; the people were its authors and he was merely their belated instrument. Even if Mr. Landon had been elected in the last campaign, we would still have social security legislation; we would have had an agricultural bill out of this Congress; we would have had, as we shall continue to have, until we get it, the agitation for a federal control of the hours of work.

We would have had enormous expenditures for relief and for armaments. The time is not now at hand, nor will it ever be at hand as long as we retain our national sanity and follow the law of change, when the measure of political democracy which we have enjoyed in the past will be endangered.

BUT I contend that we have not had a democratic form of government in its finest sense in America.

By its finest sense, I mean a democracy that is the free expression of a literate people, in the political sense, while implying to the individual at the same time the fullest measure of human dignity and self-respect in the social sense. I should like to raise the question whether we have had that sort of democracy in America in your lifetime and in mine.

In the big cities, people have been herded to the polls by political machines; in a great many communities of which I have knowledge, employers more interested in their own welfare than in the general welfare, have used repressive measures to influence voters. In too many states nobody has ever been quite certain whether election figures represented the sentiments of the people or the deftness of political crooks who manipulated ballots.

[Continued on page 17]

Bride Scores Scoop for Spouse



"Go interview Explorer Blank!"



"Put that pencil and paper away!"



"Shucks—that was nothing!"

THIS was down on the dear old Dallas News, back in 1921. It was August in Texas and Hades hath nothing to compare with that heat when the wind's in the west. A reporter on the city side had apparently scaled the heights of daffiness two months before by marrying a girl he'd never seen in his life before until the night before the wedding. It was one of those things . . . June . . . the moon . . . you're gorgeous . . . what're we waiting for?

It was now two months later, and the newspaper business being what it is, he apparently hadn't got around even yet to asking her much about herself. I forgot to say he was a new reporter, just out of college and with but six months' experience chasing news at the time of the nuptials—but ambitious, cocky and two fisted.

He didn't make much money. They had a two-room flat and ate most of their meals in one-armed lunch rooms, although the rumor was that she came from pretty doggy folks and had slid right into his arms from the lap of considerable luxury. Sunday was his day off, but he covered the only, and therefore the leading, vaudeville bill, which opened weekly on the Sabbath afternoon, for the two free tickets involved. It was their one big bust of the week.

THIS hot August Sabbath, as he reported for his tickets, the city editor said, "On your way to the theatre, stop at the Adolphus Hotel and interview Mr. Blank (a world-famous explorer). He's lecturing here Friday night, and has stopped off between trains on a jump from Kansas City to Houston."

The pulse of the young newsman leaped. Here was a chance to show

By **BILL CUNNINGHAM**

Illustrated by
VERNE MINGE

his beautiful bride what a real newspaperman he was. She'd see him in action interviewing a world celebrity. He walked her the half dozen blocks. Taxis cost money.

Upstairs above the sizzling street paced in a suite the Arctic celebrity, mad to the point of murder. His manager had dragged him off a train in this heat to grant an interview in the interests of booming a seat sale. The heat had him wild. Indigestion was bothering him. Explosive by nature, he was livid dynamite now.

And into his quarters came strid-

THIS, one of the grandest newspaper yarns we've ever heard, is a classic that any newspaperman will enjoy. Would that we could present one equally as good in every issue of the magazine.

Bill Cunningham, brilliant sports writer of the Boston Post, spun the story first on the sports pages of that paper. Someone kindly sent it to the Editor. He asked Cunningham for permission to carry the yarn to Quill readers and the writer graciously consented.

We feel sure that your thanks will go to him—as did ours.

ing this self-important young popinjay—he, who was used to being interviewed by the greatest writers on earth, he, upon whom famous editors fawned. And with him, he dragged this moist looking young filly, as if he were doing the great man a favor.

Interview? He'd give him an interview to end all interviews.

"And now, Mr. Blank," the so-important young reporter was saying, "will you describe how the Eskimo builds his hut of ice?"

THE great man skewered him on a burning glance, and in tones as cold and as cutting as that Arctic wind he came out of, he said, "It's very evident that you aren't an experienced reporter. I chance to know how real reporters work. Your asinine question, in the first place, is indicative enough. But the fact that you are settling yourself with paper and pencil is the clinching proof. Put that paper and pencil back in your pocket. No real reporter ever takes notes.

"I'm going to pay you the compliment of giving you the story of my life—a story I've never given to any other writer. I shall tell you how I first became interested in the Arctic, what men, what books, influenced me, a chronological history of my experiences, including a few facts never before made public. If any of it sticks in your memory sufficiently, you have my permission to write it. If nothing does, I'd much prefer that you'd write nothing at all. A botched-up story is worse than no story at all."

And then he started. In rapid-fire delivery, he unreeled an amazingly frank story, including among other things the fact that he'd been expelled at one time from a famous college. He

[Concluded on page 16]



Ray Anderson

Who travels 38,000 miles annually covering his beat.

TOPS among all newspaper jobs is farm editing for the Cedar Rapids Gazette.

"Dirt Farm Editing," perhaps it should be called for I try to tamp my stories full of dirt but never to dish it out. Clean dirt, the kind that grows your bacon and eggs, the "dirt farmer" sort of dirt, including muck, mire, mud and manure, but just the same the soil and soul of the nation.

I have been on this job since July 10, 1927, and I'm nuts about it.

IT is fun to get out on the acres nearly every day the year 'round, grand fun just to meet folks, genuine friends who would bust a gallus to do a man a favor such as pull him out of a mud-hole or pass along a tip on what might be a whiz of a yarn.

They know what they like to read, and practically all farmers read nowadays. For being really posted on national and world affairs, as well as

those directly touching their own business, I hand it to the farm men and women as being 'way out in the

My Stories

lead of townfolk in the more than 20 eastern Iowa counties whose roads, surfaced and dirt, I travel.

They ask no advice on farming but they do want to know what the other fellow is doing.

That's my job. To discover by observation and by keeping my ears cocked what's going on in agriculture and why and howcum.

That means weary hours behind a steering wheel, approximately 38,000 miles annually, dangerous going sometimes in fog or when the pavement is a glare of ice, the windshield sleeted over and the side roads rutted and rough as well as slippery. Farm folk seldom call off anything because of roads. They plow right through and, consequently, so does the farm editor.

It means countless meetings to attend, daytime and night, often 50, 75, a 100 or more miles away when bed would be heavenly.

MEETINGS mean food. Farmers are great folk to eat at the slightest excuse. Farm women are great cooks and they adore seeing a person stow it away.

Food should not be a thorn in the flesh but it is for a man who gets his main exercise pounding a typewriter and driving a car when he competes with men who pitch bundles, dig post-holes, swing an ax and lug bushels on their shoulders.

Imagine, if you please, being plied with potato salad, pumpkin pie (and I detest pumpkin pie), cheese, sandwiches, pickles, cole slaw and coffee at midnight. Worst of all is fried

WE'VE heard from various sources that the farm page of the Cedar Rapids Gazette is one of the best in the country—many proclaim it the best. So we asked Ray Anderson, who edits the page, to tell Quill readers just how he goes about his job "out on the acres." The result is this interesting and informative article we feel you will enjoy even if you are engaged in metropolitan journalism.

Editor Anderson believes it takes a dirt-farmer's background to understand farm folks, their problems and the news they will be interested in. And he has what it takes for that sort of background since he spent 15 years in practical farming before he started tilling journalistic fields.

This article, by the way, is the first of an unusually interesting series in which The Quill will bring you slants on agricultural writing and editing from men of outstanding experience and ability.

Are Full of Dirt!

An All-American Farm Editor Gives Low Down on His Job

By RAY ANDERSON

Farm Editor, Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette

chicken, for who can resist fried chicken even when a sleepless rest of the night is certain?

Yep, my waistline has extended the last ten and one-half years. Blame near became afflicted with a German goiter in prohibition days when numerous cellars contained mysterious beverages squeezed from the fruits of orchard and vineyard or even brewed of the dandelions in the pasture.

That kind of hospitality can be side-stepped more easily, however, than can the gorgeous viands the farm housewife trots out. She expects a man to eat and no excuse goes. The men, on the other hand, seldom press their peculiar potions on a person unwilling to partake.

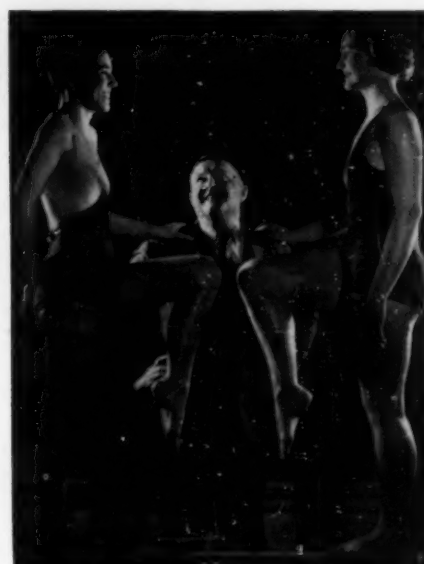
Mingling and chinning around gets results, though. It's then a farm editor feels the pulse of agriculture, it's then he obtains his tips, sometimes direct but more often by suggestion.

One of the good stories of the winter came through a remark dropped during a cattlemen's dinner. One of the banqueters a few days before had been on the campus at Ames where he learned that Cordell Hull had sent an envoy to Iowa to discuss the possibility of a confab with selected operating farmers on the proposed trade agreement with the United Kingdom.

Next day I wandered down to Ames and picked up the story. Broke it a month before it was planned for release by the administration and of course made the front page. The yarn was that for the first time in history actual farmers were to be consulted on a tariff matter and that Secretary of State Hull in collaboration with

Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture (such a hookup likewise was well nigh unprecedented) planned to sponsor a national committee with headquarters at Des Moines whose job it would be to "sell" the corn belt farmer and others on the international trade pact idea.

Even had the personnel of the committee nearly complete. Got the story by the time-honored method of inducing four or five men "in the know" to believe I also was in the know. Most of them, however, made no bones about slipping me all the information they had. Faculty men in a state college or university may be gunshy but they seldom hide anything.



Editor Anderson "writes up" a posture demonstration sponsored by the 4-H clubs—and seems to enjoy the assignment.

IN recent years I have made front page many times, perhaps more often than I really desired.

The farm page is my baby and I have no hankering to skitter around through the rest of the paper, especially if the farm page may suffer. Always there is a certain amount of

space to fill on that farm page, some days more than others. Always there is a farm page lead story to dope out, usually to write, always a cut yarn to provide and a couple or three top heads, as well as the short stuff to fill out.

I write practically all farm-page heads, edit practically all farm-page copy and more than half the time direct the makeup in the composing room. I have an excellent aid, however, in a young woman who has been on the farm desk the last year and a half. She rewrites correspondents' stories, does some editing, watches makeup when I am gone, keeps a sharp eye on my spelling and punctuation, proofreads all farm copy and functions on numerous occasions as a reporter of farm women's and girls' doings.

Our peak load comes from 9:00 until 12:00 each morning. Invariably a caller arrives just when the pressure is greatest and this young woman keeps

A typical farm page from the Cedar Rapids Gazette.

the copy rolling out when I am occupied.

I take most of the farm-page pictures. My camera is a candid, a high-powered trinket that I carry in a side coat pocket. I have a synchronized flash attachment which comes in handy for inside shots. I use supersensitive film, however, and often am able to get good interior shots without flashing. That helps greatly in obtaining action in that the shot can be made without the subject's being aware. I avoid posed pictures as much as possible. They are used sometimes when sible.

Action, of course, is fairly easy to get out in the open and I use numerous field activity pictures.

MY days vary. Usually I am at the desk by eight. The *Gazette* is an afternoon paper. I make a dummy although it not always is followed. As a rule can determine the lead story first thing in the morning. Then it is a case of writing and handling copy until enough is out. I use the phone and wire extensively and have special correspondents located in strategic places like Ames, Des Moines, Chicago and New York. The *Gazette's* Washington reporter also accepts my assignments and occasionally I hand him a tough one.

I have my pipelines like any other reporter. Moreover I maintain contacts to keep me from slopping over. For instance, if I have a story with a more or less technical slant I consult some person who is an authority on that particular phase of agriculture. He may be a grain broker, a livestock buyer, a hatcheryman, a veterinarian, a government or state inspector, a farm organization official, member of Iowa State college faculty, a cattle feeder, a breeder, an auctioneer, a banker, a county agent or whoever.

I keep a date calendar on which I note every reported forthcoming farm event. I jot them all down, big and little and I go to those most promising of news. The others I check by phone or have a correspondent cover.

One chore about farm editing is the necessity of responding to the courtesy of being invited to "say a few words." I can talk when I have something to say but I am the world's worst speaker when I have nothing to get off my chest.

Lately for scheduled appearances to sidestep speaking I have been using a movie machine and a couple of reels taken on a moose and deer hunting trip in Ontario last October. Of course I keep up a line of chatter while the projector is running. I also have been playing with color photography sev-

eral months and I have a still projector which I use to show the color shots. Am trying to get together a library of color photos for each county in my territory.

The demand for the hunting trip movies has been rather keen. I have projected them 24 times in the last 65 days.

FARM editing has its exasperating angles. The bum tip which causes a fruitless drive of possibly 100 miles is one. Usually, however, in a trip that long something may be observed that is worth using.

Mud always is exasperating. Got hung up in a soft spot in a road all night once. Ripped plank from a guard rail, jacked and pried and cussed and sighed; finally curled up and went to sleep, then at daybreak trudged to a farm a half-mile away. As I went by the barn I threw a few ears of corn in for a team of horses and then yelled around the house and cajoled the dog until the man awakened. Had the team harnessed and a log chain and an evenner and clevis hunted up by the time he came out of the house.

Exasperating, too, is the publicity hound. He is in two classes: (1) the individual who likes to read his name in print, and (2) the group leader, usually a woman, who must acquire so many inches of publicity in order to satisfy some organization requirement for an award of some kind or other. Then there is the guy who calls you up and hangs on the 'phone like today was yesterday and tomorrow would never come.

Exasperatingest (if there is such a word) of all is the peanut politician, the chap who labors under the delusion that newspapers exist to father and further his cause. Gee! How those babies love the farmers a month or two every couple of years.

All politicians love farmers in Iowa—just prior to election time. The regular politicians aren't so bad. They are expected to be that way. But the cookie who settles the farm problem every day at lunch and then tries to use the farm editor for his purposes—he is a pain in the neck. Ought to be a bounty on 'em.

THE youngsters never fail to give me a lift. A man wonders wotthehell sometimes about adult activities but the boys and girls of the 4-H club and vocational ag groups invariably put him on top of the world again. Never worry about the future of agriculture as long as these club youngsters are coming along.

Great thrill to follow one of them, all of them, from their initial projects

through four or five years to culmination in some worthwhile achievement. Greater thrill to see them bud into manhood and womanhood to take their respective influential places in their communities.

GREATEST adventure of my farm reporting experience possibly was following the troops during the "cow war of 1931" in Cedar County. I still have a military pass indicating I once was a sure-enough war correspondent. That cow war left lots of heartaches, however, and in that section of the territory an occasional farmer still is none too friendly. It all was about whether or not the state law on compulsory testing of cattle for tuberculosis should be enforced.

Had a camera all cocked and primed one day during that memorable cow war anticipating a picture of the embattled farmers ducking one of the state's legal luminaries in the stock tank. They didn't do it—to my disappointment and they did darn near take a crack at me. Would have, perhaps, if I hadn't known the leader pretty well—well enough so that I could match cuss words with him. As it was, I carefully backed off of that farm while some of the other newspaper boys were being manhandled. My retreat was fairly nonchalant but nevertheless a retreat.

About politics: I leave it alone if possible. However, during several campaigns I have conducted a series of "What's What Out on the Acres" interviews in which the farmer quizzed was encouraged to say whatever he had on his mind. This feature was hot stuff and quite a circulation builder. Terrible chore, though, to induce one man a day to talk and permit a photograph. Job enough without running a farm page in addition.

I maintain two regular features. One is a short squib under the heading "Fence Drift, caught in the woven wire," in which I philosophize or poetize as the mood strikes. It goes over rather well, I am told. The other is similar, written by a farm woman under the heading "Soul Conservation." She is really good.

On Sundays if space permits I editorialize in a column I call "Shucks, let's talk it over." My farm readers are indulgent enough to let me say what I please in this column without a great deal of razzing.

I like to report when a group of farmers pitch in and husk out the rest of the crop for a neighbor who may be in the hospital.

I like my job because I deal in dirt—clean dirt.

Solace Is Where You Find It—

Let Those Who Want the Sticks Have 'em, We'll Take the City

By READ WYNN

THERE may be solace in the sticks—but what else is there?

Life among the cotton blooms and corn stalks, with a few scattered farm houses per square mile and a little town that would burn up if the fire department decided to visit his mother in another part of the state has its beauties.

Was Mr. Hearst wrong? Or Mr. Scripps, or Mr. Howard? What about Mr. Runyon, Mr. Winchell, Mr. Broun or Mr. Bla Bla? They're all newspaperpeople.

Newspaperpeople, young, old, green, or mellowed with age begin newspapering for some indefinable reason neither they nor anybody else can attempt to explain. And newspaperpeople even before they become newspaperpeople want to work where there is a newspaper—with news.

"FARMER JONES has begun to pick his cotton and it looks like he'll have a good crop. . . ."

"The black wings of Death swooped down last night on the home of one of our most beloved citizens. Mr. Bla Bla . . ."

And bla bla.

Who reads the country weekly except those that hope to find their name

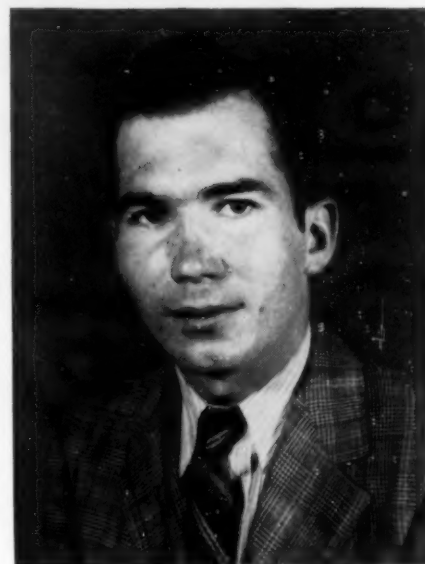
hidden somewhere in its columns? For news, for the things that go to make up a real newspaper, the folks in Bibb County, or the noble town of Rocky Crick read the daily from the nearest metropolis. Perhaps their subscription is just for the Sunday issue (that makes it a weekly) but there are enough features and other things of interest to keep them busy for a while anyway.

I'M not pretending to be a newspaperman. I just work on a newspaper. A newspaper in one of the chief news centers of the South.

During my years at the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, the University of Georgia, I formed several opinions of newspaper work. Strangely enough, I attached no glamor to the profession, but viewed it as a hard job, an exacting one sans the slouch hat and cocky behavior.

Now that the champagne of "whozis, whatzis, etc.," has been cracked over my head, I find I was right. It is hard, and exacting, and non-romantic. But I wouldn't take a million for the brief whirr and buzz I have experienced on a metropolitan daily.

There's news here—and I like news as everyone else in the world.



Read Wynn

When the state's farmers meet to form an anti-bollweevil club, or when women from the sticks mingle with the urbanites to learn the latest methods of frying fat-back, they always come here.

Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, Akim Tamiroff, Cecil B. DeMille, the governor of that state, or that one, or General Wing Loo (or someone with a similar name) from China, or Katherine Hepburn usually find time to stop for a night here. And a celebrity or two every now and then makes readable copy.

The "big city" is not so impersonal. Dozens of the oldtimers drop in to pass the time of day. True, there isn't much time to pass it in.

I'VE only been plugging at this game on and off for about two years now. I'm fresh out of school and have been in the "big city" just a little over six months. I haven't been the star reporter: I didn't cover Roosevelt Day at Gainesville, neither did I cover the fire the other night that tried to burn half the city, but I've been on the rewrite desk where frequently quite a few things happen, and I've pounded out obituaries, not a bad job except when everybody decides to die at once.

Now I'm on the rim of the copydesk.

We're the fellows that hear about news breaking, watch it develop, then work like hell to get it in some sort of shape for the printers.

[Concluded on page 19]

AS was noted in these pages last month, there seems to be no question about which newspapermen like to argue more than the respective advantages and disadvantages of working in a small city or a big one.

Scarcely had the ink dried on the pages and the March issue been placed in the mails than this reply to Tyus Butler's "Solace of the Sticks" came crackling into the Editor's sanctum from Read Wynn, who, like Butler, is a graduate of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia.

Following his graduation from Georgia last spring, he traveled with the school's first journalistic seminar in Europe and spent six weeks on his own, pedaling over England, Scotland and Wales. He then joined the staff of the Atlanta Constitution where he has since done general assignments, rewrite, obits and now his stint on the copy desk. Earlier newspaper experience was gained on the Augusta (Ga.) Herald.



George M. Bryant

IT was once the custom of editors of newspapers both large and small to scoff in derision at college graduates applying for jobs on their publications. The much lauded "school of experience," together with the dubious degree that it conferred was considered much more adequate than any university laurels.

The only way to learn the newspaper business, these old-timers asserted, was to get in at the bottom (if possible to get in at all), and work your way up into the more or less dignified position of reporter. From there, it was just possible that you might advance, but the probabilities were that in the end you would end up with an assignment on the copy desk.

It must be admitted that many good newspapermen graduated from this "school of experience." It can be seen that a college man, instead of having a distinct advantage over those with lesser education, was looked down upon and derided.

OF recent years this ancient philosophy has largely but not entirely disappeared. The grudge held by editors against men with an academic background has vanished. The inclination has changed to the point where college graduates are so definitely preferred that many papers will now accept only men of this type.

A famous New York daily has accumulated a waiting list of more than a hundred applicants for the seemingly lowly position of office boy—and all these applicants are college graduates. They will be office boys for only a short period; as soon as a vacancy in the ranks of the reporters occurs

Here's to the School of

Campus Papers Afford Opportunities to Learn Journalistic Ropes by Doing

By GEORGE M. BRYANT

these men are adequately fitted to step in.

It would not be well for a visitor to many large papers to act superior to the youthful looking chap sweeping the floor—he may well be a Phi Beta Kappa.

One may ask provocatively what good a college education does, but the answer is forthcoming. The fact that only these humble positions are available holds true only on large newspapers. Sheets with a smaller circulation and located in comparatively small cities are often eager to employ educated men who have had some journalistic experience.

THIS may sound a little contradictory—the fact that experience is almost essential. However, it need not necessarily be gained by work on a newspaper operated for profit. You ask, "Aren't all papers operated for profit?" No, there is one class of publication that relegates profit to the background. And that is the college newspaper.

These papers afford the student of journalism in our universities a remarkable opportunity for training in this field. They serve as the above mentioned "school of experience." Notable and unusual among the myriad publications issued by college students

throughout the country is the *Daily Iowan*, of the University of Iowa.

Though in actuality published by Student Publications, and under the control of a board of trustees, the paper is entirely the result of work by the students. While this is neither unusual nor notable, the paper itself is. It is not typical of the majority of college sheets in most respects. In appearance and make-up it greatly resembles the New York *Herald-Tribune*, except that it is an eight-page, eight-column paper. The page size is 17½ by 22½ inches.

This college news organ not only serves as a paper to be read by students in the university, but it is also the sole morning paper of the city in which the university is located—a city of approximately 18,000 persons exclusive of the collegiate population.

THE *Daily Iowan* is a member of the *Associated Press*, as a result of which it divides the front page about evenly between AP stories and those of local interest. A special page is provided for campus news, aside from that which is of sufficient interest to warrant front-page position. There are only two college newspapers in the United States which serve their subscribers during the summer as well

THOUGH President Robert M. Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, and some newspapermen still do not think much of journalism schools, some of these schools have and are still turning out graduates who have a well-rounded general educational background and at the same time enough practical journalistic training to enable them to hold down newspaper posts in capable fashion.

George M. Bryant, in this article on the *Daily Iowan* of the University of Iowa, shows how some of the large university dailies are operated to give students this practical training under conditions much like those they would experience in the active field.

The "school of experience" has been brought to the campus, to share with purely academic or cultural courses in the preparation of well-grounded reporters, editors and publishers of the future.

Experience

as during the regular session—and the *Daily Iowan* is one of the two.

The other paper is that of the University of Missouri, the *Missourian*. It differs from the Iowa publication in only a few points. On the *Iowan* the board of trustees selects and appoints all editors, while on the *Missourian* faculty members serve as editors. Another college newspaper, the *Illini*, of the University of Illinois, bears a close resemblance to both of the above papers.

But it is due to the fact that the *Daily Iowan* employs all student editors and that these editors are alone responsible for the issuance of the paper, that this sheet, in my opinion, is one of the best opportunities for the student with initiative, and for that reason I shall deal solely with this paper and the chance for the opportunist it offers.

The divisions of the paper closely resemble those of the average city newspaper. There is, of course, the actual news department; and in addition, business, advertising, circulation and editorial departments. It possesses its own printing plant, housed in the basement of the school of journalism, and operated by union labor. The news room is located on the first floor of the building, as are the morgue, advertising offices, business and circulation departments.

The paper possesses advertising representatives in Chicago; in this respect being the same as the *Missourian*. Its local advertising is taken care of by the paper's advertising department, the members of whom are trained in classes in the journalism school.

EVEN more modern than many papers in the United States, this paper advertises over the air. It presents two programs daily on the university radio station; giving news events of local and national interest. This broadcasting might also be termed a "workshop," for members of the *Radio Broadcasting* course are responsible for the program.

The news room is divided into seven departments, each headed by an editor: sports, managing, society, feature, news, city and campus, all of whom are under the supervision and control of the editor-in-chief (also a student).

Members of the university's class in reporting serve the dual positions of "leg" and rewrite men. The desk men are recruited from the members of the school taking the course in copyread-



Student newspapermen and women on the rim of the copy desk of the *Daily Iowan*.

ing. An average of five men a night work on the copy desk writing headlines with all the skillful adeptness of the old-timer.

Even to such minute, though essential details as a "morgue," where old copies of the paper are filed; and the "hell-books," in which the various editors issue assignments and, as the name implies, distribute various forms of hell to reporters deserving it; the *Iowan* is complete. Visualize a newspaper of about a circulation of 5,000 copies, add a page of campus news and a scattering of university sport news to its regular news columns; and the result is a paper differing but little from the *Daily Iowan*.

As on most papers, the *Iowan* has its own staff of photographers. And as in the case of the reporters, radio broadcasters, and copyreaders, these photographers are usually members of the class in that subject. So proficient have some of these young men become that their pictures appear in *Life*, *Collegiate Digest*, and many newspapers of far greater circulation than the *Iowan*.

THE first venture into the news room gives the impression, as do most news rooms, of disorder, confusion and chaos. Reporters scurry from the "morgue" to one of the editor's desks; AP machines methodically emit copy; while behind all is the background clack of typewriters punctuated with the occasional sharp ring of one of the three telephones. But after continuance in the news room for any period of time, the observer becomes aware of the abundance of work that is being accomplished—the work that will result in the next morning's breakfast reading.

From this short sketch of the actual workings of the *Iowan*, it can readily be seen that the student on a newspaper of this type gains valuable experience that could be obtained elsewhere only by working some years on a small-city paper.

It is not remarkable that due to this, graduates of this "school of experience" are able to procure employment on many newspapers that formerly would hire only experienced newspapermen.

For these men are experienced.

Almanac Appears

With advice for expectant fathers, stamp collectors, home gardeners, persons contemplating suicide, families budgeting to purchase a home and parents purchasing proper toys for their children and with similar information intended to broaden the traditional scope of such publications, the Middle Western edition of the *National Almanac & Year Book for 1938* appeared Jan. 20.

Although it is the successor to the *Chicago Daily News Almanac*, oldest newspaper-published almanac in the United States, the *National Almanac & Year Book* is an entirely new publication. It has been put out by the National Survey & Sales corporation which a year ago purchased the 54-year-old *Chicago Daily News Almanac*. John M. Pratt, former Louisville publisher, is president of the corporation; William H. Murphy, formerly advertising manager of the *Chicago Herald & Examiner*, is general sales director, and Dr. Curtis D. MacDougall, formerly editor of the *Evanston (Ill.) News-Index* and a lecturer in journalism at Northwestern University, is editor.



The
Capitol

Associated
Press

The Presidents a

From George Washington to Fr

By JAMES E. POLLARD

Acting Director, School of
The Ohio State Univ

any president when he uttered his famous offhand misstatement of fact during the Washington conference in 1921. It was this incident which led to the rule thereafter that questions at White House press conferences must be submitted in advance in writing, and also to the somewhat silly fiction of the White House spokesman, now happily banished.

THE relations of the press with the presidency have yet to be classified satisfactorily into periods or phases. Speaking of Washington journalism, one source divides it loosely into the period down to 1845 and from the Civil War to the present. What becomes of the 16 years between, which comprise one of the noisiest and bitterest periods of American history, is not apparent. Another version also divides the relations into two phases, one down to Roosevelt I, and the second since his time which resulted in press coverage of the presidency on something like the present basis.

The logic of events and influences would seem to suggest a division of the relations between the press and the presidency into at least five or six phases. The first period would be that of Washington's first term. In a sense this was a carry-over from the era of

FOR nearly 150 years the fierce light of newspaper publicity has beat upon presidents of the United States. It has varied in its nature and its intensity. Under it some presidents have thrived for a time, but most of them have shriveled at least a little under its blistering rays.

Some of them have been embittered permanently toward the press and few of them have really understood its critical functions except where they have served their own purposes. What they have failed to realize is that this inescapable burden is one of the necessary prices of a democratic form of government.

VARIOUS presidents have reacted to the press in various ways. With some, as, for example, George Washington and Franklin Roosevelt, the honeymoon was fairly happy but soon over. John Adams paid through the nose for his own vanity and for the bunders of his administration, culminating in the infamous Alien and Sedition Acts. That patron of democracy, Thomas Jefferson, found to his sorrow that a free press in practice was something different from a free press in principle. Tradition has it that John Quincy Adams, indulging in a swim in the Potomac, was caught by the notorious Anne Royall, who sat on his clothes and refused to leave until he answered her questions.

Two presidents were so annoyed by the press that they made its actions the basis for special messages to Con-

gress. John Quincy Adams sent such a message in 1828, after his son, who was serving as his secretary, was set upon in the capitol itself while delivering presidential messages to the two houses of Congress. The assailant was Russell Jarvis, editor of the *Telegraph* and a Jackson supporter, whom young Adams had affronted at a White House reception not long before. For this Jarvis tweaked his nose and slapped his face. The other was Theodore Roosevelt who was so incensed by the disclosures of the New York *World* relative to certain phases of the Panama Canal deal that in a special message to Congress in 1908 he demanded punishment for Joseph Pulitzer for having libeled the United States government. Pulitzer was indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of criminal libel. The resulting indictments were quashed, an action unanimously upheld by the United States Supreme Court in 1911. This was a test case of great importance.

Harding was the only president who had actually been in the newspaper business. A number of others, particularly in the early period, were closely identified for partisan purposes with the journalism of their time. Later ones, like McKinley and Taft, had political or family newspaper ties which were useful on occasion. Yet even Harding, with all of his experience in and understanding of newspapers, suffered one of the most painful press blunders that ever fell to the lot of

NO time could be more appropriate than the between presidents and the press down through being hurled at President Roosevelt from fortifying to learn that in other times of national s hurled at him who we revere today as "The Fa

Prof. James E. Pollard, Acting Director of the University, author of the accompanying article, convention of the American Association of Teachers, well, we feel, to expand his theme to book-length.

Prof. Pollard, a practical newspaperman turned readers. His last previous appearance was in "Who's a Journalist?" He has been associated with the *Scioto Gazette*, the *Canton (O.) Repository* and *nal*. He became director of the News Bureau member of the University's journalism school of the school in 1934. He becomes its director

ts and the Press

to Franklin Delano Roosevelt

SS F. POLLARD

t, School of Journalism,
o State University

discussion and debate which led to the calling of the constitutional convention and to the drafting of the Constitution, its subsequent adoption, and its amendment by the Bill of Rights. While it was not exactly a period of good feeling, there was some disposition to give the venture a fair trial. Moreover, despite some enemies, Washington enjoyed on the whole the confidence and respect of both the electorate, who were a relatively small group qualified by property holdings, and the people generally.

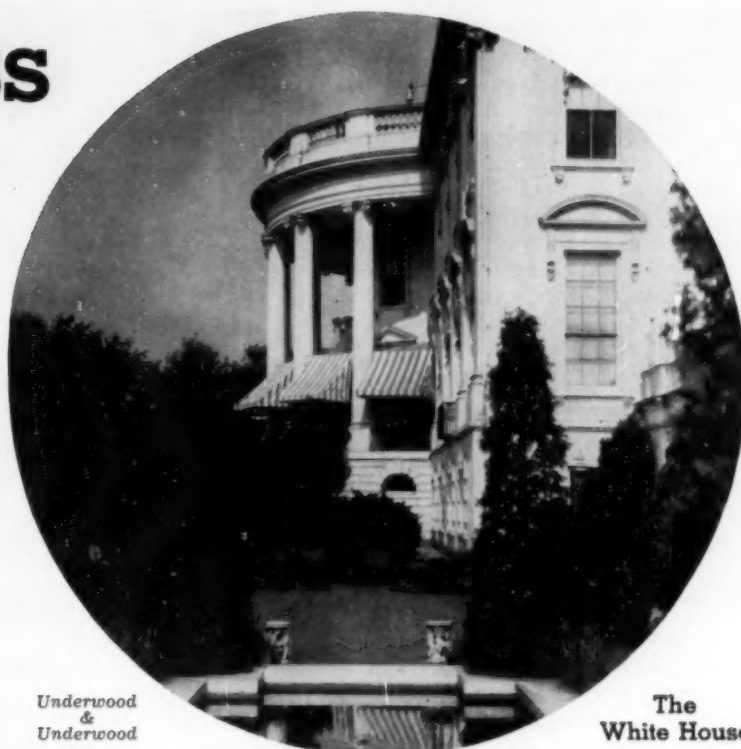
Among the first criticisms directed against him were that he was too cold and aloof, too monarchical in his disposition, and not democratic enough in his relations with others. This was true to the extent that it reflected both his personal nature and his concept of the dignity and the importance of the presidency. Successive events, especially the *G net* affair and the Jay treaty, brought a storm of abuse about his ears and his eventual retirement must indeed have been a relief to him.

AT a time when the national beginnings are being scrutinized anew, the present president, who seems to feel that he is ill-used by the press, might contemplate the experience of George Washington. The first president had

ate than the present for a survey of relations
own through the years. With the term "dicta-
evel" from all sides, it is interesting and com-
national stress charges of "king" were being
as "The Father of His Country."

ector of the School of Journalism at Ohio State
ying article, presented his survey at the con-
on of Teachers of Journalism. He would do
o book-length proportions.

erman turned teacher, is no stranger to Quill
ance was in November with a lively article,
associated in the past with the Chillicothe (O.)
pository and the Columbus (O.) Ohio State Jour-
ys Bureau at Ohio State University in 1923, a
sm school faculty in 1932 and acting director
s director in July.



Underwood
&
Underwood

The
White House

one main purpose: to put the new nation firmly and permanently on its feet. Everything else was secondary. Even allowing for differences of opinion, he took the view that others should adhere to the same high-minded purpose in which there was no room for partisan politics.

In this aspiration he was doomed to disappointment. He became the target for the most violent kind of abuse, some of which, at least, had the blessing of, if it was not actually sired by, members of his own official family. Franklin Roosevelt has his Mark Sullivan, Frank Kent, Dorothy Thompson, Westbrook Pegler, and even Hugh Johnson, but they are hardly more than gnats by contrast with the hornets who plagued Washington's later years in the presidency: Freneau, Bache, Duane, Callender, and even Thomas Paine, who turned bitterest of all. Without a New Deal on which to feed, they yet found plenty to poison their pens.

To them Washington was "treacherous," "mischievous," and "inefficient," he was given to "stately journeying through the American continent in search of personal incense," he was guilty of "pusillanimous neglect," to "little passions," and "ingratitude." To them he was "insignificant" and enjoyed a "spurious fame."

Duane predicted that "posterity will in vain search for the monuments of wisdom in your administration." Callender accused him of having twice been a traitor, of having "authorized

the robbery and ruin of the remnants of his own army," and of having "broke the constitution." Paine, admitting his earlier debts, in the end directly charged him with being "the patron of fraud," and of being "treacherous in private friendship, . . . and a hypocrite in public life," so that "the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an imposter, whether you have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any."

It was also asserted that he had overdrawn his salary and that he "kept the seclusion of a monk and the supercilious distance of a tyrant," and that even his farewell address was based on the meanest motives. The summit of the abuse was reached in the *Aurora* of March 6, 1797, immediately following Washington's retirement, in which Bache exulted that "the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States." All of this seems to have a familiar ring.

HIS biographers paint Washington as being astonished, hurt, and angered by these attacks, but they agree that he gave no public sign. His correspondence, however, shows how he felt.

He once lamented "that the editors of the different gazettes in the Union do not more generally and more cor-

rectly (instead of stuffing their papers with scurrility and nonsensical declamation, which few would read if they were apprised of the contents) publish the debates in Congress on all great national questions."

Following one of Freneau's outbursts, Jefferson quoted his chief as referring to it with the assertion that "he despised all their attacks on him personally." At a cabinet meeting, Jefferson also described Washington as being greatly angered at "the personal abuse which had been bestowed on him," and that "by god he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation. That he had rather be on his farm than to be made *emperor of the world* and yet they were charging him with wanting to be a king."

THE second period, then, would include the latter half of Washington's administration and that of Adams. It was during this phase that the violence of the American press, of both the "ins" and the "outs," reached heights probably never before or since equalled. It was a situation to test the strongest president and John Adams was hardly the man for the emergency. He may not have been responsible for the Alien and Sedition Laws; at any rate, he signed them and in so doing wrote his own death warrant and that of his party.

Following the removal of the capital to Washington and the election of Jefferson, another phase of presidential press relations was ushered in. This might be described as the era of official organs. To be sure, both the Federalists and the anti-Federalists had had their press, but in Washington it was different. As to communication and accessibility, the new Federal City, as it was called, was remote and distant. This meant that the newspapers elsewhere were largely dependent upon what they could glean from the newspapers of Washington and Georgetown. In addition, "official" newspapers were designated which not only enjoyed the confidence of the occupants of the White House in varying degrees and thereby spoke "with authority," but shared both patronage and influence.

Conditions which prevailed during this period would be both intolerable and impossible today. It was Jefferson, for example, who persuaded Samuel Harrison Smith to move his paper, the *National Intelligencer*, from Philadelphia to Washington and who made it the administration mouthpiece. Smith enjoyed the confidence of Jefferson and he and his wife were not infrequent guests at the White House.



James E. Pollard

On the morning of his inauguration, Jefferson gave Smith a copy of his inaugural address, written in his own hand, for publication. Congress was then a sort of closed corporation and only those specifically designated were permitted to report its activities.

This semi-monopoly was enjoyed for a long time by Gales and Seatob, who succeeded Smith. It remained for James Gordon Bennett, one of the first real Washington correspondents, to help demolish these barriers and put Washington reporting on the road to its present status.

ANDREW JACKSON, unlettered and self-taught, was shrewd and forceful enough to provide himself with an administration press to serve his purposes effectively. He began with Duff Green but it was Francis P. Blair who was not only his journalistic *alter ego*, but the head of his kitchen cabinet and a power in the administration. The picture of Jackson, lying on a White House sofa while he smoked of an evening and dictated his ideas to Amos Kendall, is significant. The hands were those of Blair, Kendall and the *Globe*, but the voice was that of Jackson and it gave the pitch to the Democratic press generally.

The introduction of the telegraph and other improved means of communication along with the natural development of the penny press and other changing influences relegated the administration organ to a minor role. From about the time of the Mexican war to the turn of the century, therefore, marks a fourth and perhaps a fifth phase. This was a somewhat amorphous period. It was the time which saw the rise and, to some extent, the decline of personal journal-

ism. It was also marked by the transition of the newspaper into a business enterprise in addition to its function as an intelligencer and a vehicle of opinion. It was in these years that the corps of Washington correspondents got its real start in growing recognition, in professional standing, in higher pay, and in broader privileges.

The interview was also developed in this period as a permanent device of journalism. The claim has been advanced that the elder Bennett was the first to interview a president, but this does not appear to be supported by the facts. Significantly, Washington himself realized the value of the newspaper for disseminating information and summoned Claypoole to arrange to give him his now famous farewell address for publication in the *Philadelphia Daily Advertiser* in December, 1796.

TAKEN at its face value, the Bennett "interview" with Van Buren in January, 1839, was little more than a social visit. In his modest way, Bennett turned it to his own advantage, but its real value, either historically or as a feat of journalism, was little or nothing.

The evidence seems to point to J. B. McCullagh, of the Cincinnati *Commercial* and St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, as the first Washington correspondent to interview a president after the modern manner. His talk with Andrew Johnson relative to the impeachment of the latter was not only a newspaper scoop but was of historical and political importance. Grant, while president, gave occasional interviews to R. D. B. Keim, of the New York *Herald* bureau. Such feats were rare, however.

It remained for Theodore Roosevelt not only to permit but to encourage direct relations between the White House and the press. It was he who set the stage for the next phase, the one which continues to the present.

Pioneer that he was, good copy that he proved to be, Roosevelt I left much to be desired in his press relations. He was a showman who knew the value of publicity, but his outbursts of temperament made him unpredictable and undependable. His "Ananias Club" was a convenient purgatory to which to consign those who crossed him or roused his ire.

The first Roosevelt was given to using the press for trial balloon purposes and if the public reaction was unfavorable he was quick to deny the validity of the original stories and even to denounce the writers. He was

[Concluded on page 22]

By J. GUNNAR BACK

WITH the revised and augmented seventh printing of "Trial and Error" (Carlyle House, N. Y., 330 pp. \$3.00), Jack Woodford again invites us to take a joy-ride through the cash-and-carry writing country, visiting all the points of interest, never out of hearing of Guide Woodford's scandalous megaphone. At the end of the trip, if you are tolerably literate, you can earn back your \$3.00 fare by writing a short story for the syndicates, and have a memory of a pretty salty ride, too.



J. Gunnar Back

At least that is the way Jack Woodford makes it look. He has authority now to back him up. Arnold Gingrich, editor of the heavy-pursed *Esquire* and *Coronet*, took his first lessons from Jack. Gingrich made \$850 in no time. Now he gratefully calls "Trial and Error" the "open sesame to the cash money in the writing racket."

I am inclined to give it a similar rating myself. "Trial and Error" has not yet earned me a single penny, but I expect my Swedish uncle to go into action at my typewriter almost any time. Jack Woodford says that anyone who can read without moving his lips can learn to write stories that sell. Silent reading is one of my Swedish uncle's talents. With that, I dismiss him from this column.

JACK WOODFORD understands that you want to be a writer, you want to get fame and money at one and the same time, just as the kid next door wants to be a rich and famous ventriloquist like Edgar Bergen. The big advantage you have over the nuisance next door is that you are old enough to realize you need training to throw your voice onto paper. That training is going to make you beat yourself about the ears a bit. The biggest thing it will require of you is that you start writing and keep writing, through headaches, hangovers, prospects for hot dates (Jack thought of that one, I didn't), hunger, and other distractions.

What makes "Trial and Error" so fascinating is that he does not handicap you at the very beginning by in-

sisting that writers are made like the trees in Joyce Kilmer's poem. Listen to this coming up as early as page 35: "No amount of stupidity will prevent you from writing; no amount of ignorance. . . . Writing fiction for commercial publication is not a bit different from writing advertising copy. The fiction is used to attract the attention of readers to advertisements placed next to the fiction. Read the advertisements and you will see at once for what type of mentality you must write. The only real difference between commercial fiction and advertising copy is that it is harder to write because it is longer."

Those are some truths that have been said by others in demurer fashion. I prefer Woodford's bluntness. Until recently, I have been spending most of my days putting words in between the opening and closing commercials in radio shows. Right now I know that if I want to start making \$200 a week I had better start rapping out a domestic serial to be put between two commercials daily, coast-to-coast. As a radio choreboy the last three years, I have learned many of the necessary tricks of radio writing. You are considering doing some writing to be placed in between printed commercials in magazines. "Trial and Error" has 330 pages telling you what your tricks should be.

PERHAPS I had better not say 330 pages. Jack Woodford has been in the lists so long against editors, publishers, censors, his own auto-intoxication, and the Christians that he uses up quite a few pages to blow out his cynicism, cynicism at the writing canons, cynicism at our twentieth century state of civilization.

Woodford has a blasphemous typewriter; its keys have a broad and tart comedy. Although you plan to be a dentist and read only the *Saturday Evening Post*, get "Trial and Error" because it is sportive, easy-going reading. At the same time you will pick up some idea what kind of conspiracy the writers have entered into with the editors in providing you with satisfactory reading.

To illustrate, I might risk a quote here: ". . . whenever you catch yourself using a 'long' word, one that would offend and affright the wife of a gas meter reader—while she sits at home reading of multimillionaires while her

husband is out glancing at gas meters without seeing them and writing down anything in his reports—truncate the word somehow." (Notice also those two *while* clauses overlapping. Woodford didn't.)

Woodford says that he has meant to leave "every weapon of the free lance racketeer in your hands." He keeps his promise, which is exactly why I cannot go into much detail in this review. If you are writing cash-and-carry prose, "Trial and Error" is solid with useful information. For 15 years Woodford has been selling words because he knows the things he lays out for you in his book.

I THINK you may decide, when you are through with "Trial and Error," that the truck driver who takes up writing for easy money has to be quicker-witted than he seemed to you to be as you hitch-hiked along with him.

Woodford starts off by making writing too easy and ends up by making it a little bit hard for his class of eighth-grade graduates. But that, too, is a writing technique. Everything you compose should begin with a "hook" that will hold the reader. Contradictions there are aplenty in "Trial and Error." For example, after wagging a finger at you for thinking you can depart from the most salable story formulas, he stoutly insists that he will never slant any story of his to suit any editor. However, he protects himself against these charges by calling his book a "dithyramb on the subject of writing and selling."

Woodford, why do you do it? We all have to look up "dithyramb." It means "a poem in a wild, irregular strain." I took a course in versification in college and am forever doomed to make no money the Woodford way.

If you "look into your heart and write," as Sir Philip Sydney did, which is the best way, you won't necessarily need "Trial and Error" except for some good chapters on editors who won't read unsolicited manuscripts, on book royalties, agents, authors' rights, and so on. If you look into *Snappy Stories* or the *Satevepost* and write, "Trial and Error" is as handy as a Londoner's umbrella.

"I would appreciate your advising your readers that I am in the market for original gags suitable for cartoons, similar to those published by *Post*, *Collier's*, *For Men Only*, etc. I want only original gag ideas, not jokes or cartoons. I will immediately put on the market those I believe are salable, and pay from 20 per cent to 50 per cent of the price I receive for the cartoon.

"Stamped addressed envelope must accompany all gags submitted. I report in about a week, sooner if possible. My cartoons appear in over 50 different magazines and newspapers,

and I have a ready market for gags if they are absolutely original.

"Yours sincerely,
"J. A. Patterson,
"517 Kennedy Bldg.,
"Tulsa, Okla."

★

Mystic Science Monthly, 506 Fifth Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn., is reported by Arthur Bronson, its editor, to be in the market for articles, long and short, dealing with mystic and occult subjects, and accompanied wherever possible by photographs.

"We do not want fiction, poetry, or humorous or 'debunking' articles," he says, "and we will rarely buy essays or argumentative articles. Our chief need is for news of occult and mystic occurrences."

"We want descriptions of successful experiments in mental telepathy and clairvoyance, eye-witness accounts of what happens in haunted houses, cases of prophetic dreams, hunches, premonitions, and so on. We want articles about exceptional mediums who have outstanding psychic powers, about 'psychic detectives' who are able to locate lost property, etc. We want duly authenticated cases of 'thought transference,' of 'hyperaesthesia,' and other examples of exceptional human powers. We will publish articles on the occult powers of primitive peoples (voodoo, witchcraft), and of Eastern or Ancient races (Yogi, Egyptian mysticism, exorcism, prophecy). But chiefly we want examples of occult and mystic occurrences in America today."

"We want exceptional stories of animal intelligence or psychic power—not stories about animals trained for theatrical performance but animals whose own intelligence is established. We want stories about apparitions of the living and apparitions of the dead, phantoms, and 'veridical hallucinations.' We do not want routine articles about communication with the dead through spiritualistic mediums, but if the communications are in any way exceptional, send them in."

"We are interested in cases of automatic writing, unusual table-tappings, uneducated people speaking in strange tongues, and so on. In short, *Mystic Science Monthly* is interested in all the evidence that human beings possess unusual powers, or that they are surrounded by strange and little-known forces."

"Highest rates will be paid for articles of this type which are connected with names in the news. If a famous criminal believes that psychic forces influenced his crime, or a murdered man can be proved to have had a premonition of his own death, or a psychic medium solves a crime, or a public official seeks mystic guidance, we want the story. If premonitions are experienced or thought transferences completed by people well-known to the American public, so much the better."

"All cases must be treated as factual occurrences. We want to know what? when? where? who? We also want to know how? and why? but emphasis must be on facts, not on explanations."

tions. Wherever possible, we want actual names and addresses, although we will suppress true names if using them would bring suffering or hardship.

"All articles must have a factual basis. Preference will be given to articles which are accompanied by the following affidavit:

"I have used due diligence in investigating all the facts in this case; and to the best of my knowledge and belief the events occurred as described in this article." Such an affidavit can be signed by either the author or the person to whom the events occurred. Affidavits should be witnessed by a notary public.

"Articles will be accepted from 50 to 5,000 words in length. *Query us before you write the article.* All manuscripts will be promptly reported, and payment made on acceptance at a minimum rate of one cent a word plus \$5.00 a picture. More if the material warrants."

Contests

\$200 in cash will be awarded for the best interpretations of the American scene in a contest open to all types of manuscripts up to five thousand words. An unusual feature of the contest is the open competition among the various forms of literary expression—in short, poetry versus short story versus play versus biography versus feature story. Inquiries for further details should be addressed to Adventures Associates, 11 West 42nd St., New York City.

★

In co-operation with the American Guild for German Cultural Freedom and four foreign publishers, Little, Brown & Company, American publishers, announce that definite plans have been completed for a \$4,500 Exile Prize Contest with the closing date now set for Oct. 1, 1938. The judges are: Chairman, Dr. Thomas Mann, Bruno Frank, Lion Feuchtwanger, Alfred Neumann and Rudolph Olden. Manuscripts may be submitted by a person of any nationality now in exile for political reasons from his native land, BUT MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. Fiction or non-fiction may be submitted, but the pseudonym only, and not the legal name, is to appear on the manuscript. Competitors may submit as many manuscripts as they please, provided each one is entered separately accompanied by a signed agreement. Manuscripts of less than 50,000 or more than 200,000 words will not be considered.

William Collins, Ltd., London; Querido Verlag, Amsterdam; Albin Michel, Paris; and Sythoff Verlag, Leiden, are the four publishers who, with Little, Brown & Co. offer prizes totaling approximately \$4,500 in American currency. All manuscripts must be submitted to the American Guild for German Cultural Freedom, 40 West 77th Street, New York City, and will be acknowledged there by the executive secretary, Mrs. Sarah F. Brandes, with whom contestants should communicate for further information. Circulars will be furnished on request.

with it in business college, and to serve as my father's private secretary until two weeks before we were married. Anyway, here's the evidence. And now my plan is this. Go back to the paper—never mind the show today, for this is really something—and write the sweetest, sugariest lead you can about how charming he is to meet, how gracious, and how helpful in explaining the intricacies of the Arctic to a reporter who knows nothing about it. I'll rap off what he said verbatim in the meantime, we can tack it onto your lead, and, unless I miss my guess, it'll hit him a harder lick than you could ever swing with your fist."

SOMETIMES it pays to listen to the little woman.

That story led the paper next morning. It was ornamented with a by-line—the supreme accolade. It was picked up by the *Associated Press*. Eventually, it was reprinted in a dozen magazines.

The reporter came to work the next afternoon. He was told the famous man had called five times on the telephone, and even as they were telling him, the famous man came into the office accompanied by the publisher of the paper.

Straight to the young reporter he walked and said, "Sir, I want to apologize to the possessor of the greatest reportorial mind with which I've ever come in contact anywhere in the world. I was badly out of sorts yesterday. I was a boor. I was a brute. You have given me a lesson in manners which I shall never forget, but at the same time, you have given the most amazing demonstration of a photographic mind with which I have ever come in contact. It's unbelievable. Why, you quoted me verbatim. Names, dates, quotations—everything was exact and accurate. How on earth did you do it?"

"Shucks," said the reporter in the presence of the beaming publisher, "that was nothing. It's the sort of training they give you around here. Any of these fellows can do it."

"Would you accept a position as my secretary?" the great man asked.

"Nope," said the journalistic fledgling, "I like it too well here."

And the next Friday, he found himself possessed of a raise of 10 whole dollars.

How do I know so much about all this? I was the reporter. The explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

WILLIAM GLENN, one of the founders of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, and editor of the Orlando (Fla.) *Morning Sentinel*, has been elected president of the Orlando Rotary Club.

Bride Scores Scoop

[Concluded from page 5]

gave dates, names, quotations, data—stuff no human being could take without notes. He told of discoveries, plans, experiments, secret findings. All of it, of course, flowed past the reporter like a river. He didn't dare look at his bride, who was sitting at an angle behind the great man, completely ignored by him. He realized the story was unique, that it was even sensational, but he likewise realized he was helpless and his anger came to a slow blaze.

"And that is my story," the celebrity coldly concluded in his barking staccato. Then he arose and bowed stiffly from the waist.

THE reporter controlled himself until he and the bride got as far as the elevator. She hadn't said a thing, and he was afraid to look at her. His pride had taken a terrible lashing.

"I'm going to take you down stairs,"

he finally said through his teeth, "and then I'm going back up and give him the worst licking he ever got in his life," he announced, "he may be a celebrity to the rest of the world, but nobody's going to humiliate me in front of my w—wife that way. . . ." The kid was almost crying.

"I think I know of a way you can humiliate him," the girl said quietly.

"How?" said the reporter, "what could be a better way than a sock in the chin?"

"Well," said the young matron, "while he was talking to you, he wasn't paying any attention to me, and I took everything he said down in shorthand, on the letters here in my handbag. He told you not to take notes, but he didn't say anything about me."

"Shorthand?" gasped the husband, "what do you know about shorthand?"

"Enough," she said, "to win a prize

America, a Democracy?

[Concluded from page 4]

Anybody who is familiar with the proceedings of the United States Senate for the past 25 years must be appalled, if he reads at one sitting, the evidences of the corrupt use of money to influence both elections and legislation. He must be impressed further by the realization that we have had, rather than a democracy, a Fascist form of government in which wealth and the power inherent in the employment of other people, have been used to circumvent the free expression of the will of the people.

If we have not had a free expression of the will of the people, neither have we had an expression of a literate people. Illiteracy statistics in any library will reveal the full extent of adult illiteracy, as well as juvenile illiteracy.

How can we expect to have a government of reason when such a great percentage of our people, particularly in the South, cannot even read, much less understand, any interpretations of the functions of government. Such people must always be the victims of demagogues who prey upon the one point of contact they have with the outside world—their emotions. And such people, when in the majority, must inevitably send to Congress, and elect as their governors the prototypes with which we are all familiar.

When such men stand upon the national scene as representatives of the solemn will and the intelligence of American democracy, then my own feeling is that we ought to strike up the band and sing, "God Save Democracy."

IF we have not had in this century the free expression of popular will, and if we have not had always the expression of a literate people, neither have we had, particularly since 1920, the recognition of the right of the individual to his own dignity and his own self-respect. That was the foundation stone upon which America was built.

While our ancestors won their first recognition when they wrested the Magna Charta at Runnymede, the concept of the right of the individual to be free from economic terrorism, from political terrorism and from religious terrorism is a peculiar heritage which found its flowering in America. That, in fact, is the real American way, no matter how much that phrase has been distorted in recent months.

Our own history tells us that in the

early years of the Republic—in fact, until we became highly industrialized—the concept of a citizen in this country was that he should be a freeholder. The land policy of the government, until it was corrupted and changed, was to settle people upon their own plots of ground, so that they may have their own vines and figtrees and be, indeed, their own masters.

What have we done with that heritage? In the great cities, we have herded them into slums unfit for human habitation. In a great majority of the mill centers of the country, particularly in some of the cotton manufacturing cities of the South, we have herded them into mill villages, where they have become mental parasites, feeding upon each other's minds, without outside contacts or stimuli. And what has happened to the concept of a nation of farm freeholders? I should like to explore that for a few minutes because it will give you an idea of the miserable measure by which we have failed to achieve the ideal.

TWO generations ago, America began to renew her effort to create a land of freeholders. By homestead legislation, the development of family-sized farms owned by resident farmers was encouraged. But a recent report of the Land Planning Committee of the National Resources Board said: "The operation of farm land by the owner was no doubt the ideal of all who favored liberal land policies. European tenant-ridden countries were cited in contrast with America.

"It is easy therefore, to understand the feeling of consternation which prevailed when the census of 1880 revealed that over one-fourth of our farmers were no longer owners but had somehow become tenants in spite of homestead and other liberal land laws."

But the census of 1880 is out of date. In 1930, 53 per cent of our farmers were operating leased land and 42 per cent of them were renting all the land they worked. The percentage has increased tremendously during the depression; last year it had increased to 45 per cent. In the Mississippi Delta, it runs as high as 70 per cent; in Georgia, with the second highest percentage it is 65.6 per cent. A good deal more than half the land in the South is operated by tenants or share croppers.

If you are inclined to brush the fig-

ures aside and say, "Of course that's natural in states which have heavy Negro populations," then remember that only 40 per cent or 700,000 out of 1,800,000 tenants and share croppers in the South, are Negroes and the percentage of Negroes has been decreasing since 1920. From 1930 to 1935, the number of white share croppers in the 16 southern states increased by 10.1 per cent and the number of Negroes declined by 10 per cent. The agricultural depression, a force with which they could not cope, robbed them of their property and of their status as freeholders. One of the most tragic features of the whole thing is that the most striking increases in tenantry have been in the age level above 55, showing that although about 375,000 families in the country have been struggling for years for the ownership of their own farms, they have failed, or the system under which they work has failed them.

THESE are not people of the recent immigrant strains, to which some are inclined to attribute whatever degeneration of our national life and whatever infiltration of undemocratic ideas have occurred. These are the descendants of the pioneers who settled along the coast and came across the mountains. These are the pure Anglo-Saxon people of whose strain we boast. As long as they live as they do, we cannot beat our breasts in boastfulness and say, "Thank God, we have no peasantry such as Europe has."

I spent six months in Europe studying, among other things, the life of the agriculturists, and I can say to you that self-respecting peasants in Europe would not live under conditions with which some of our American share croppers, white and black, have to survive. How can we pretend that we have any democracy in the full meaning of the word as long as such conditions exist? More important than that, how can we expect to perpetuate what we now call democracy if we allow such things to continue?

It has been of the greatest significance to me that the most violent manifestations of discontent—even of Communist agitation in America—have not taken place in those areas which have the greatest percentage of foreign-born population, but in the very areas which have the highest percentage of native-born whites.

I am talking about the troubles in the mill villages of North Carolina and South Carolina, where Communists were able to get a foothold for agitation because conditions justified agitation. I am talking about Alabama, where Communist agitators aroused



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share croppers, who, like squirrels on a treadmill, trudged hopelessly year after year to make some progress in an economic world and found themselves always having to run to keep ahead of poverty. I am talking about the share croppers in Arkansas, about the farmers in Iowa who became anarchists for the moment to prevent sheriffs from selling land they had made every human sacrifice to buy. I am not afraid of the infiltration of Communism or the destruction of democracy from the outside; if we ever have either, it will be because our stupidity and our bourbonism have allowed such conditions to exist as to damn democracy out of existence here.

If we take the trouble to examine the history and the background of the people who have yielded to authoritarianism, we may come up with a road map which will show us how to preserve the measure of democracy we have and at least move toward the achievement of the ideal Washington had.

The revolution in Russia came out of generations of economic repression, religious tyranny, and the enforced illiteracy of 95 per cent of the people. The revolution in Turkey came out of generations of economic repression, enforced illiteracy and political terrorism. Mussolini was able to assume power in Italy because government was impotent to deal with the economics of a nation greatly overpopulated, distressed and repressed.

The revolution in Mexico was the outgrowth of the peon system, plus political terrorism, plus enforced illiteracy and religious tyranny. The present civil war in Spain is a bloody settlement between those who believe in a return to the great estate system, with its starving peasantry, its political and economic autocracy, its religious domination, and its enforced illiteracy, and those who believe in moving at least toward a better ideal.

Germany must be left out of consideration, because Hitler is purely an aberration of a despairing and hopeless people who had suffered more than any people can suffer economically without turning violently to anybody who offers them hope. There is a point of similarity between Hitler and our southern demagogues, because the people who have given power into their hands have done so in both instances in revolt against the status quo and in the hope of alleviating their economic misery. But the point I am making is that there is present in all revolts save that in Germany two important elements: economic repression and enforced illiteracy, with all

its degenerating and degrading influences.

DOES not this fact point to the answer to the question, "Shall we preserve democracy in America?"

To me, it gives the answer that we shall have it and that we shall achieve the original idea of democracy in America—the ideal we had before it was distorted—in the same measure in which we alleviate economic conditions, restore individual rights and dignity and wipe out illiteracy—not in the sense of teaching people to read and write, but in the sense of teaching them how to live, how to understand the history of their government and the function of all democratic governments: that is, to be servants of the people.

I firmly believe that even with all the mistakes of experimentation—and Washington made them, too—we are moving in the direction of a better democracy in America. I heartily believe that all steps and measures that have been taken to remove the strangle hold of concentrated wealth from the sources of the people's power; that all measures that have been taken to reclaim land that has been wasted in reckless exploitation rather than in intelligent cultivation; that all measures that have been taken to give people the right to bargain for their wages and their conditions of work; that all measures that have been taken to clear slums and wipe out Tobacco Roads of the South, will make for a better and a happier country.

I firmly believe that the old order, not in a party sense, but in a social sense, has made its last stand in America and that henceforth our legislation will be based upon a social consciousness and that our government will be used as an instrument of humanity rather than as an instrument of property. I fervently hope so.

LEE O. HILLS (Missouri '28) became editor April 6 of the *Oklahoma News*, Oklahoma City, following two years as associate editor of the *Indianapolis Times*. Hills succeeds ROBERT T. FREDERICKS (Montana '23), who has not announced plans for the future.

★

Jack Kofoed, whose years of sports reporting for the *New York Telegram*, the *Post*, the *Journal*, and the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, plus his ghost writing for famed figures of the ring has made him one of the best known of the sports scribes, is the author of "Brandy for Heroes," a fast-moving biography of John Morrissey, one-time heavyweight champion who invaded the field of politics and became state senator. The book is published by Dutton's, 300 Fourth Avenue, New York. Kofoed is now on the staff of Columbia Pictures.

THE QUILL for April, 1938

• THE BOOK BEAT •

THE SWING MUSIC MURDER, by Harlan Reed. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y., 1938. 320 pp.

Swing band musicians fire up with so much weed that it is surprising no one has written a hard-boiled murder story about them sooner.

Now Harlan Reed, in "The Swing Music Murder," has put his hard-drinking detective to work in a night club where the musicians send out their best licks. The old business of trailing suspects takes on a feverish pace that will please the mystery fiction readers. Reed's swing-hating detective usually can't find murderers without drinking heavily. But through a special circumstance, he gives up the bottle long enough to find out who killed the leader of "Lance Grandy's Swing Swing Boys." This sober detective work provides a good deal of the humor. The gumshoe carries his magnifying glass through a motley collection of night club characters, a flask of weak tea covering his embarrassing dereliction of laying off the strong stuff.

The plot of "The Swing Music Murder" has the usual coincidences, but no one is going to guess too soon "who done it." Harlan Reed can write some pretty flavory dialogue. He really makes his boys and girls talk, and he wastes no action. This one will weigh all right on the scales.—J. GUNNAR BACK.

• Goldwyn

THE GREAT GOLDWYN, by Alva Johnston. Random House, Inc., New York. 99 pp. \$1.50.

The first Goldwyn story I ever heard was the one in which the flashy motion picture producer was supposed to have said, "I'll answer you in two woids. Im-possible." That one held up very well in my circle. Now Alva Johnston has given us 99 chuckling pages of Goldwyn malapropism, another example of which is Sam's belief that Indians live in reservoirs. Between the laughter we discover who Samuel Goldwyn really is.

He was born Sam Goldfish. He threw the name away, but it still characterizes him best. Look through the goldfish bowl and the fish look big. Look at Goldwyn pictures and they are always big. Big stars, directors, sets. And GOLDWYN in big letters. He beats his associates about the ears until everything about his products is

Book Bulletins

Here are brief highlights of new books of particular interest to those engaged in journalism:

JACOB A. RIIS, Police Reporter, Reformer, Useful Citizen. By Louise Ware. D. Appleton Century Co. \$3.00.

The first full length biography of the man whom Theodore Roosevelt called "New York's most useful citizen." A reporter for the *Tribune* and *Sun* who did much to make his city a better place in which to live.

LOOKING BEHIND THE CENSORSHIPS, by Eugene J. Young. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.00.

A book that explains ins-and-outs of foreign diplomacy, the undercurrents and the behind-the-scenes stories of the events that make the headlines. Also, a book revealing the battle between correspondents and the censors over what can and cannot be printed. Mr. Young is Cable Editor of the *New York Times*.

GLASS HOUSES, Ten Years of Free Lancing, by Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$3.50.

One of the best known journalists of the day presents a running-account of his adventures in free-lancing during the last 10 years, in a volume filled with colorful pictures of Mexico, Spain and Italy; biographical sketches, anecdotes, and reminiscence.

BRANDY FOR HEROES, by Jack Kofoid. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York City. \$3.00.

A lively biography of John Morrissey, the fighting Irishman whose fists won him the heavyweight championship and whose political acumen made him a significant figure, penned by a man whose sports stories and radio comment have made him known to newspaper readers and radio listeners over a wide area.

ON MY OWN, by Mary Knight. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.00.

The adventures of a woman reporter in the United States, Paris, China and Japan—the only woman staff correspondent for the *United Press* who became known as the "Stunt Girl of the U. P.," because of her journalistic feats.

THREE ROUSING CHEERS, by Elizabeth Jordan. D. Appleton-Century, New York. \$3.00.

This autobiography reveals the story of a life full of accomplishment—a life spent in journalism—for Elizabeth Jordan was for 10 years associated with the *New York World*, later editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, editorial adviser for Harper & Bros., editorial director for Goldwyn Pictures, and a gifted writer of short stories and novels.

O'MARA, by Laurence Green. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis and New York. \$2.00.

The story of one of the last newspapermen "of the old school"—accomplished drunkard, slugger of bosses, rebel against routine, a true tramp reporter—written by a newspaperman. Mr. Green is also the author of "America Goes to Press" and "The Filibuster."

clearly colossal. He believes everything is.

And it is all possible because Sam has bucketsful of gold to splash around. He threw away more than a million to make Anna Sten a star, but behind the glass she was just a small

heavily-gilded fish in the Goldwyn bowl.

The Great Goldwyn became a crack glove salesman when he was sure he sold gloves made right, of the right leather. He left that up to the best glove-makers and the best animals. A crack movie salesman, he tries to get the right people to make them for him. Nothing will stop him. He brought the hapless Belgian poet Maeterlinck to Hollywood because he thought he was the right writer; 200-pound Caruso, because he must be the genuine article, he was such a genius.

The Great Goldwyn's career is noteworthy for his great admiration of writers. This affection accounts for many of his good pictures. He ought to be especially fond of writers after Alva Johnston's "The Great Goldwyn." Alva makes you laugh at Sam on every page, and like him on every other page. I understand Goldwyn has already shown his appreciation. Instead of complaining that the Great Goldwyn is only 99 pages long, he ordered five thousand copies for his friends.—J. GUNNAR BACK.

Solace

[Concluded from page 9]

There is hardly anything more gratifying to a newspaperman than a good story. There are stories in the big city. There are mighty few in the sticks, and even if there is one in the sticks what can a weekly do about it? The sheet probably has been to bed a couple of days before time to hit the front porches.

Even with my lack of experience I smell news and when I get a whiff, I don't want to sit back, eat from a cracker barrel and pass the time of day. I want to have my part in getting it in the paper—right.

MAYBE I haven't found out whether I'm a metropolitan guy or not, but I certainly get a kick out of having something pop in my face a few minutes before deadline with the advice from the slot-man to "rush it along!"

I may gnaw my fingernails to the quick, or tear at the few remaining hairs on a spot rapidly becoming bald, but there's nothing like the thrill that comes when the head fits and sounds pretty good and there are 30 seconds to go.

Some day I may decide I "can't take it" and retire to the cotton blooms and cornstalks—but if I can help it, I'm going to keep on finding solace, and the other things that go to make up newspapering—in the big city.

And perhaps an even bigger one.

Kiper's Kolumn

By JAMES C. KIPER

Executive Secretary,
Sigma Delta Chi.

SIGMA DELTA CHI, founded in 1909, became 29 years of age April 17. This month and next the traditional Founders' Day observances will be held by undergraduate and alumni chapters in practically every state in the Union to pay tribute to the ten co-founders, all but one of whom are living. The 9,305th name was entered on the membership rolls April 1. Of the 8,964 living members, approximately 410 are undergraduates in the 41 undergraduate chapters.

BARRY FARIS (Cornell Assoc.), editor-in-chief of INS, will speak April 30 in Dallas at the all-Texas Founders' Day meeting, sponsored by the DALLAS Alumni chapter. The SOUTHERN METHODIST and U. of Texas undergraduate chapters and AUSTIN Alumni chapter will join in the celebration. CLIFTON BLACKMON (Missouri '27), Dallas alumni past president, is chairman of the meeting. . . . The U. of ILLINOIS undergraduate and CHAMPAIGN-URBANA alumni chapters will honor distinguished alumnus CHARLES H. DENNIS (Illinois Assoc.), editor emeritus of the Chicago *Daily News* at a Founders' Day banquet May 2. COL. FRANK KNOX (Nat'l Hon.) and PAUL SCOTT MOWRER (Michigan Assoc.), publisher and editor respectively of the *News*, and WILL W. LOOMIS (Illinois Assoc.), national honorary president of SDX, will be speakers.

The NORTHERN INDIANA alumni and PURDUE undergraduate chapters will observe Founders' Day May 13 at Purdue. W. S. GILMORE (Indiana Assoc.), editor, the *Detroit News* will speak. The banquet will conclude a day's program of shop talks in which SDX members and other newspaper men of northern Indiana will take part. . . . WILL W. LOOMIS (Illinois Assoc.) and DeWITT MCKENZIE, AP foreign news editor were speakers at the INDIANAPOLIS alumni and BUTLER undergraduate chapters' meeting April 15. DePAUW, PURDUE and INDIANA chapters were represented 100 per cent. The Indiana AP editors were guests. . . . MILWAUKEE alumni met April 18 to complete organization of the new chapter. National officers will install the chapter May 1 when Milwaukee alumni and

Marquette undergraduates will hold Founders' Day banquet. . . . The MARQUETTE chapter keeps its alumni advised of its activities and doings of alumni by publishing the *Marquette Sigma Delta Chi News* each month.

IRVING D. TRESSLER, author of "How to Lose Friends and Alienate People," conducted IOWA STATE'S Gridiron, advertised as "Iowa's First Authorized Clinic on Unpopularity," April 14. . . . National Honorary President WILL W. LOOMIS was guest of honor at the CHICAGO Alumni chapter's meeting March 31.

WESTBROOK PEGLER turned the tables at a recent meeting of the SAN FRANCISCO alumni chapter. Instead of interviewing, he was interviewed by the more than 100 newspapermen present. ROBERT C. ELLIOTT (Indiana '24), San Francisco *News*, president of the chapter, introduced Pegler as the "most discussed and the most cursed columnist in America." . . . The NEW YORK alumni chapter is planning fortnightly meetings to which will be invited SDX members visiting the city to attend the World's Fair in 1940. . . . The DEPAUW chapter has revived the old campus institution, "Showdown," a musical show in which all fraternities and sororities on the campus present acts. The show was presented March 18 and 19, and proved very successful.

Awards of merit to five Kansas newspapers for outstanding service to the rural community were recently announced by the KANSAS STATE chapter at a conference for Farm Writers held in connection with Farm and Home Week. The awards were

made on the basis of the most interesting presentation of news to a rural community, effective service through local photographs, effective interpretation of the problems of a rural community, complete agricultural news coverage, and effective use of feature articles regarding the local community.

The PURDUE chapter will stage its first Gridiron banquet April 26, as a revival of the old Razz Banquet which was dropped several years ago when faculty and students declared the good-natured jibes were more than they cared to stand. . . . Students at the University of Kansas wanted a campus musical show, so they called upon the SDX chapter (most successful KU promoter). The result was "Spring Swing," which played to capacity crowds two nights and had to be held over a third night. The chapter has received requests to take the show on the road. JAMES COLEMAN (Kansas '37), editor of the chapter's humor magazine, the *Sour Owl*, was producer of "Spring Swing." The show had a half-hour prevue over KMBC, Kansas City. Proceeds will be used to foster professional activities, and to purchase equipment for a photographic dark room for the department of journalism. . . . The TOPEKA, Kans., alumni chapter held a Founders' Day meeting April 10 attended by the KANSAS and KANSAS STATE undergraduate chapters. The two undergraduate chapters held a joint initiation for associate and undergraduate candidates. RALPH T. BAKER (Oklahoma '32), manager of the Kansas State Press association, is president of the Topeka chapter.

• Letters to the Editor •

Mrs. Root's Article

TO THE EDITOR:

I have had the privilege of reading the February issue of *THE QUILL* containing the article "What Women Would Like to Read in the News."

Thoughtful women welcome such a progressive step as the one you have taken in asking any woman to give you their opinion on what they would like to read in the news.

Mrs. Root's article has met an enthusiastic response and *THE QUILL* has lost nothing by it as thousands have learned of its existence through our daily paper's edition of 80,000. (It reprinted the article in full.) May your fine example be followed by other editors for the benefit of the education of all intelligent citizens.

Truly yours,

Mrs. A. L. McSWAIN,
Long Beach, Calif.

★

Dr. Hutchins Answered

TO THE EDITOR:

Some years ago in a Lafayette College publication, I wrote that education in all times had been one very simple thing—"an endeavor on the part of elders to put youth in touch with the traditions and achievements of the past in any given civilization in order that youth might understand the present and prepare for the future."

I find that President Robert M. Hutchins,

of the University of Chicago, says twice in an otherwise confusing and confounding article in *THE QUILL* that that is his ideal of education also. But, after saying that, Dr. Hutchins then gives way to his current delusion, and, as is his wont, rails at education which prepares men and women for a specific job. Ignoring his strange slant against journalism it will be noted that he says nothing about schools of law, and his reference to medical schools contains one assumption that can be proved to be false and a description of how medical schools carry on their teaching that is ludicrously inexact, if not intentionally misleading. It is hardly worthwhile to say that his objection to professional schools has been answered again and again; and it is an old, old story that medical schools and law schools had to fight for recognition, as against the much older procedure of teaching a job by rule of thumb which should fill Dr. Hutchins' mind with even a greater horror than that which he evinces over schools of journalism, his present bete noir.

The trouble is that Dr. Hutchins is given over to what is possibly the most vicious philosophy of education that the present time has given rise to, and that is his much-heralded belief that there is absolute antagonism between teaching a student "how to live" and teaching him "how to earn a living."

Wholly confused as to what kind of a thing the "living" is which the student is to be taught, Dr. Hutchinson refuses to see in

WHO • WHAT • WHERE

Personal Paragraphs

his blindness that there is no dichotomy, no opposition, no antagonism, between these two statements. In all time, men have learned to live beautifully by learning how to earn a living; and those who have lived most magnificently, and have been of most use to civilization, have been those who at the earliest and most convenient time had their natural endowments and abilities directed to the very purpose of earning a living through the use of these trained talents. "Learning how to live" and "learning how to earn a living" have an indissoluble, symbiotic relationship, and all the casuistry of Dr. Hutchins, plus the sophistry of his platonic dialectic brought up to date, cannot separate these two phases of one's adolescence. They are part and parcel of his home life, his school life, and his life in the world of maturity outside of academic halls.

HARVEY M. WAITS,
University Club,
Philadelphia, Pa.

★

TO THE EDITOR:

My heartiest congratulations on your editorial in the March *QUILL*. You certainly hit every pertinent nail on the head.

As a journalism professor (I'm still an associate professor on leave from Kansas), I'd like to add a little to Doctor Morrill's excellent discussion. As a freshman-sophomore adviser and in my other contacts with non-journalism as well as journalism students at the University of Kansas, I was more than once impressed with the difference in attitude toward education expressed by professional and non-professional students.

Journalism students at Kansas do not take many courses in the journalism department—only about one-fourth or one-fifth of all those for which they enroll—but such instruction furnishes them with an integrating thread with which they relate practically everything else they study. Many have told me that their work on the *University Daily Kansan* and in journalism courses gave new meaning to courses in Greek literature, English composition and literature, and certainly economics, political science, sociology, and even geology.

This fact sets journalism students and those looking forward to careers in art, business administration, law, medicine, etc., sharply aside from the confused "liberal arts" students who lack a professional or any other orientation towards their work.

While I realize that this sounds like a prejudiced statement, I firmly and deeply believe that an integrating core of journalism instruction—or of art, business administration, or what not—would be a wise selection even for students with no intention of becoming newspapermen. This belief has been bolstered by comments from a number of college graduates of my acquaintance, men in many fields now out of school for five to twenty years. The men who speak most disparagingly of college education are those who took the sort of "liberal arts" courses that Doctor Hutchins likes to philosophize about.

Certainly journalism courses as well as those in engineering, education, agriculture, etc., are bids for additional enrollment. So what? They reflect the healthy democratization of our colleges and college curricula that has taken place during the past few decades. Doctor Hutchins' ideals, based squarely on the traditional rôle of colleges as finishing schools for gentlemen, are long outworn. Colleges are fortunately coming more and more to act as initiators of the young for places in the highly complex life of modern American society.

Doctor Hutchins, I am sorry to observe, has given newspaper publishers—with his talk before the Inland Daily Press Association—merely additional reason for believing that academicians are incurious of reality, only too well satisfied with their own visions of utopia and of what they fondly imagine to be reality.

With sincere regards, I am,

Cordially yours,

ALFRED M. LEE,
Yale University,
New Haven, Conn.

TRUMAN POUNCEY (Texas '35), picture editor of the *Dallas News*, was elected president April 9 of the Southwestern Association of Pictorial Journalists, an organization of professional news photographers organized in 1937 at the University of Oklahoma's newspaper photography short course. Pouncey is secretary of the Dallas Alumni chapter of Sigma Delta Chi.

THE *QUILL* for April, 1938



Irving Dilliard

The announcement of the nine newspapermen who had been awarded the first Nieman Fellowships for study at Harvard University was of particular interest to members of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

One of the awards went to Irving Dilliard, vice-president of the fraternity in charge of alumni affairs. Dilliard, 33 years old, is an editorial writer on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, specializing on constitutional, political, historical and educational topics. During the summer of 1937 he wrote a series of "news dispatches" telling the story of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia as it might have been written by a present-day newspaperman, had he been there. The series proved so popular that the *Post-Dispatch* published the stories in pamphlet form. To date there have been five printings of the booklet, which is distributed free, running to 55,000 copies.

Born in Collinsville, Ill., where he still lives with his wife and two daughters, Dilliard did his first newspaper work while in high school as a reporter for his home town paper, the *Herald*, and became local correspondent for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* in his senior year.

After four years at the University of Illinois, where he became a member of Sigma Delta Chi, he joined the staff of the *Post-Dispatch* where he has remained excepting for graduate study at Harvard in 1928.

He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, national president of Alpha Kappa Lambda, and has written for various magazines.

Other recipients of the Nieman Fellowships were: Edward A. Lahey, *Chicago Daily News*; Frank S. Hopkins, *Baltimore Sun*; Wesley Fuller, *Boston Herald*; Louis M. Lyons, *Boston Globe*; Hilary Herbert Lyons, Jr., *Mobile Press Register*; Osburn Zuber, *Birmingham (Ala.) News*; John McLane Clark, *Washington (D. C.) Post* and Edwin J. Paxton, Jr., *Paducah (Ky.) Sun Democrat*.

SDX Scholarship Committee Named

Frank Thayer (Wisconsin '16), professor of journalism at the U. of Wisconsin, has been named chairman of Sigma Delta Chi's Scholarship Award Committee by the fraternity's president, Ralph L. Peters (Ohio State '26).

Other committee members will be John E. Drewry (Georgia Assoc.), director of the U. of Georgia school of journalism; Norval Neil Luxon (Ohio State '23), professor of journalism at Ohio State University, and Robert S. Mansfield (Michigan '26), professor of journalism at the University of Washington.

The Sigma Delta Chi scholarship award program was begun in 1927 with the purpose of stimulating excellent scholarship among journalism students. To win a certificate of award, a student must be enrolled in a department or school of journalism offering a degree, and must stand in the upper tenth of his class scholastically with all college work taken into consideration.

Since inauguration of the program 1,097 have received the award. Non-members of Sigma Delta Chi, both men and women, are eligible. Faculty advisers of Sigma Delta Chi chapters, with the assistance of university or college officials, make the nominations to the fraternity's scholarship committee.

Winners of the 1938 awards will be announced May 15, and certificates will be presented to winning students at all-university honor convocations at the 36 colleges and universities which qualify for the award.

I. D. CARSON (Washington '11) is manager of the Canadian National Newspapers and Periodicals Association, with headquarters in Toronto. He was formerly with Dorrance, Sullivan & Company in New York City. Carson was a national executive councilor of Sigma Delta Chi in 1928-29.

★

JOHN J. FLAHERTY (Michigan '36) is a member of the editorial staff of the *Battle Creek (Mich.) Enquirer-News*.

★

THOMAS GRIFFITH (Washington '36), former *Seattle Times* reporter, returned to his duties with the *Times* after a tour of 22 European countries.

★

MORSE SALISBURY (Kansas State '22) was recently named acting director of information for the U. S. Department of Agriculture. He was formerly chief of radio service for the department.

★

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Presidents and the Press

[Concluded from page 14]

also prone to play favorites among the correspondents.

IT was Taft who began the policy of definite press conferences once a week with the accredited White House correspondents. The late Gus Karger, Washington correspondent with the Taft-owned Cincinnati *Times-Star*, had the run of the White House, even to the extent of seeing the mail, but he shared his news with his less favored fellows. Wilson, despite his almost instinctive distrust and lack of understanding of the press, agreed to two weekly conferences with the correspondents. At least partly for reasons of public policy, these were abandoned during the war. By and large, Wilson gave the impression of a persecution complex as far as the press was concerned.

With the double advantage of a newspaper background and a native loquacity, warmed by years in public life, Harding was the first president to meet the White House corps on common ground. He is credited with being the first president to disclose deliberately the proceedings of cabinet meetings. He was on such friendly and familiar terms with the correspondents as to be indiscreet with them. His successor, Coolidge, was a fitting foil to the Ohioan. His very naivete was refreshing and while he did not deceive the correspondents with his seeming innocence, he amused them and his reward was that out of his wry smile, his enigmatic utterances, and the homely virtues of his native New England, they built the Coolidge myth.

The Hoover administration supplies perhaps the greatest paradox in presidential press relations, certainly in our time. Here was one of the world's best known men, respected for his professional attainments and his humanitarian services. During his tenure as Secretary of Commerce, he was regarded as one of the best news sources in the capital. By some evil turn of the wheel, partly the result of circumstances, partly the weight of his office, and partly his personal quirks, he left the White House an almost total failure as far as his press relations were concerned. This was unfortunate for him and for his administration, as well as for the press and for the public. It is conceivable that the magnitude of his political eclipse might have been less had he been able

to maintain some common ground with the White House corps.

IN 1933, Roosevelt II was almost the perfect answer to the average Washington correspondent's prayer. The first hundred days were packed with dramatic and important events, yet the president cultivated his relations with the White House corps as had no president before him. He seemed so much on their side that he swept them off their feet and captivated them, hardboiled and cynical veterans that most of them were.

He slew the White House spokesman, he willingly ran the gauntlet of their oral questions, he supplied them with background, he gave them other information off the record—in short, he filled their cups to overflowing. This, however, was only the honeymoon.

When the Roosevelt program began to bog down, when it began to reap some of the whirlwind it had sowed, and when a too ready acceptance gave way to doubt and skepticism, the White House attitude began to change also. Conditions were not as bad as either side insisted, but the president exposed his hand in suggesting dunce caps for two experienced and respected correspondents at a regular White House press conference in answer to their wholly legitimate request that he clarify his attitude as to a possible third term.

It reached the point where reliable correspondents admitted that they were no longer willing to ask leading questions on such occasions at the cost of being subjected to presidential ridicule before their fellows. Perhaps the crowning incident was the Roosevelt reference in his October, 1937, fireside radio talk to the movies and the radio as the chief media for the discussion of public issues in the five years, 1933-1937. His omission of the press and the magazines was too conspicuous to have been accidental.

FOR 150 years the presidency has been an office of proper public interest. Any man who enters the White House must do so with the knowledge that the press is the principal means of mirroring and serving that interest. The function, then, is neither one of prying nor of propaganda nor of persecution, although occasional presidents as well as correspondents have been guilty of both.

The White House has become perhaps the world's greatest sounding

board. Every whisper, every echo, every utterance and every inflection that rebounds from it is important. Presidents who follow Roosevelt will doubtless find this increasingly so. The occupant of the White House and the news men assigned there between them man one of the most powerful engines for making and influencing public opinion the world has ever seen. This is a relationship which the radio can only supplement, not supplant, and one which the news reels and still pictures only serve to enhance, not to implement.

From George Washington until now, the presidents of the United States without exception have suffered in varying degrees at times at the hands of the press. This was an inevitable part of the price to be paid for the office since democracies and their institutions, including the press, can be notoriously short tempered, critical and unreasonable. This condition changes neither the public responsibility of the correspondents to ask questions and to seek the facts nor of the presidents to make answer. If and when the time ever comes that this relationship is permanently broken, that day will mark the real decline of democratic institutions in the United States, for in the free give and take of the present system the crime of *lese majeste* is impossible.

In theory Congress is the most democratic part of the national government. Actually, however, it rates very cheaply in the public mind. By contrast, the federal judiciary is held generally in high esteem even though it seems remote.

But it is the president whom the public regards as representing the nation as a whole and to whom it looks for policies, programs, leadership and information.

On such a basis, the relationships between the president and the press not only take on added importance but comprise a practical extension of the principle of checks and balances which is none the less effective or necessary for being extra legal.

This is a development which the framers of the Constitution could not foresee, but it is inconceivable, if a democratic form of government is to continue, that any future president, even if he desired, could hold himself aloof like an American grand lama or Son of Heaven.

Despite the lesson of 1936, the White House press corps serves as a healthy preventive of any delusions of presidential grandeur. For this alone it merits, on the whole, the gratitude of the American public.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

A few more questions as to where the fire had started, how, if all the men were out, etc., and we were sprinting the mile and a half to the nearest telephone. By the time we had reached the phone—not being a track man—breath was coming in gulps.

Art Hathaway, then chief assistant city editor and now city editor of the *News*, answered the 'phone.

"Art," we gulped. "Between 18 and 20 men have been taken to hospitals. Some of them may be dead.

"Where," demanded Hathaway, "have you been?"

"Where've we been? Why——"

"Artie Ogle just called," Hathaway went on calmly, "and said they've taken 50 bodies out of the plant. We're getting out an extra now—with that headline. You'd better get up to date."

MINGLED anger and alarm swept over us as we left the 'phone booth. Gosh, here was a chance to have won our spurs on the *News* and we'd fallen flat—but that police officer had seemed sure of his facts. Had he lied? Had we missed another loading point?

Back across the tracks we sprinted. Back to the same loading point. Back to the same police officer. Had he been sure of his total? He had. No more men had been sent to the hospital. Eighteen or 20 at the most would cover it. Had men been sent to the hospital from any other point? No, this was the only point.

Back along the tracks, through the railroad yards to the 'phone.

"Gimme Hathaway! 'Art, this is Pete, just checked again and that total I gave you was right. I——"

"Yeh," broke in Hathaway. "Artie called just after you had left the wire and said the 50 bodies he had been talking about were automobile bodies. We're changing the line in the next extra. Got anything else?"

HOURS later when the tired crew had straggled back to the city room and was talking things over—we came face to face with Ogle.

"Gosh, Artie, you certainly gave me a run for my money today," we began, narrating the experiences of the day—of the dashes through the railroad yards to the 'phone and back again. Artie's grin grew broader and broader.

"Boy," he said, "that certainly was one on me!"

THERE was an aftermath to that fire, grim as it was, that also had its bit of humor.

THE QUILL for April, 1938

Larry Henderson was on the job the following day when the blackened and still smoking debris was being searched for bodies. A photographer, whom we will call Blank and who happened to have a glass eye, had been assigned to the task with him but hadn't shown up. Larry had called the desk several times to ask about a snapper—talking with Hathaway each time.

Finally a body was dug out of the ruins. Photographers for the other papers photographed the scene.

Henderson got on the 'phone again, calling Hathaway.

"Art," he reported, "they just got a body out. The other papers got pictures of them taking it away. Blank hasn't shown up yet."

There was a long and characteristic Hathaway silence from the other end of the line. Then—

"Larry, did you get a good look at that body?"

"No," responded the puzzled Larry, "I wasn't so very keen about looking at it. Why?"

"Well," drawled Hathaway, "you'd better go back and take a good look. If it's got a glass eye, that's probably Blank!"

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